Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1929pete

0
91

THE MISSILE

March, 1929

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

050
M691
C.1

THE MISSILE P

VOL. XVII. PETERSBURG, VA., MARCH, 1929 No. 3

"Members of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association"

Contents

		PAGE
Thoughts	Norman McCaleb	3
An Unsung Hero	R. Page Burwell	4
A Squirrel	Leroy Clements	8
Disillusionment	Jack Drewry	8
Music	James Hemphill	9
Luck	Helen Stephenson	9
Pons Asinorum	Eleanore Townsend	12
The blue Boy	William Dunford	13
Snow	Susie Downing	13
The Countess	Hattie E. Rubin	14
The Eagle	Edwin Young	16
Howls	Frances Whitt	17
Coasting	Louise Smith	17
Revenge	Virginia Hamilton	18
A Day	Mary Lelia Wells	21
Speaking of Beds	Dorothy Ritchie	21
A Song of the Violin	Betsy Budd	22
The Bride of the Nile	Roger Grant	22
Spring, Oh, Balmy Spring	Lewis Patteson	24
Galoshes	Marguerite Blue	24
The Moon in Prison	Linwood Dyer	25
Editorials		26
Little Missiles		28
"With Balls and Bats"		32
Scraps		34

Issued four times a year in November, January, March and May, by the Students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.
Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Petersburg, Virginia.
Subscription rates: 20 cents the copy; 40 cents the term; 80 cents the year.

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

MISSILE STAFF

The Missile

THOUGHTS

By Norman G. McCaleb

Life

The spring time comes with birds and bees;
She brings the flowers and clothes the trees.
And thus a babe first opes its eyes,
And only joy within them lies.

Then summer comes in colors rare,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair.
And youth, so gay and free from strife,
Sees not ahead the clouds of life.

Next autumn with her colors gay
Begins to dry the winter's hay.
'Tis thus man's life, when youth has fled,
Prepares for unseen things ahead.

And now, with winds so cold and drear,
Old winter fills man's heart with fear.
And so, when death is drawing nigh,
Man waits his judgment from on high.

—o—

A Triolet

Now that the summer days are o'er,
The wintry winds begin to blow;
And flowers bud and bloom no more.
Now that the summer days are o'er.
The homefolk close the open door,
And ice impedes the river's flow;
Now that the summer days are o'er,
The wintry winds begin to blow.

—o—

The Battle

The clouds of smoke rolled o'er the hill,
From the battle down below;
And many a manly man lay still—
Together friend and foe.
And the heavens cried out shrill.

The weeping, wailing wounded lay,
On the torn and trampled ground;
And the souls of many passed away,
For peace and comfort bound.
And the heavens boomed all day.

The heavy, heathen cannon sang
A song of death that day;
As the rolling, mumbling, roaring rang,
O'er hills and far away,
And the guns of heaven rang.

Then the silent, sullen, dreary night,
Came creeping steadily down
And covered up the horrid sight,
Without the slightest sound.
And the heavens stilled their might.

—o—

The River

Through hill and dale, through fields of hay,
The river winds and winds its way.
It leaps, and bounds through mountains high,
And from its depth it seems to sigh—
Then, hurries onward to the bay.

And from the trees a happy jay,
Sends forth his song so shrill and gay.
The river seems to leap and fly
Through hill and dale.

The trees and flowers seem to say,
"Oh, stop a while with us to play."
And twinkling stars, high in the sky
Look down, and often wonder why
It says, "I have my debt to pay
Through hill and dale."

AN UNSUNG HERO

By R. Page Burwell

Every evening, when I sit in front of this old fireplace, it just seems like I can't help thinking about him. This old farm don't seem the same, either. It's been mighty near three years since Pete left us, yet I can still see him as I watch this old cedar log burn. Pete'll never come home because, with that very rifle you see hanging up over the door, I sent him to the place where all good faithful dogs go after death. Part Collie, part Airedale, part hound, but all dog, Pete was the best pal a man ever had. People say that I saved a man's life one time, but that's not

so. The real reason why Bob Watkins is now living and happy is not sitting in this chair talking, but out there on that little hill under that pile of rocks where you see that wooden slab. Pete deserves a better grave than that, but somehow people won't give the credit of saving a life to a dog.

Well, it was one of those hot stuffy days in mid-August when there wasn't a hat full of air stirring. We were twelve men, sworn to do our duty, so help us God. All the swearing had not been confined to that requirement in the court-room, for quite a bit was being directed at the intensity of the heat and at a certain determined gentleman seated at the long deep-scarred table. I was that much abused individual. The other eleven had been trying for the last sixteen hours to persuade me to join in with them in their verdict of "guilty." Now in complete disdain they had withdrawn from the table, and refusing to associate longer with me, had gathered in small groups to discuss the coming election.

There the matter seemed to rest and the trouble and expense of a new trial with a new jury appeared a certainty. One thing, if we sat there till Judgment Day, I would not agree that Bob Watkins killed "Uncle Barney" Brailey unless more evidence was submitted.

"Let's try to reason with this bull-headed fool one more time; then, if he still sits there bleating, 'More evidence,' we can go to the judge and conscientiously say we have tried but failed to agree." This last resort was voiced by one who had been put on the jury on the day after his marriage to an exceedingly devoted girl. This delayed absence was not setting so well on him, and he was very anxious to get home.

Having returned to their seats, several sighs and groans were sent up and I could foresee abusiveness very probably to the extent of profanity.

"Now let's go over the case once more," said the foreman. "I'm inclined to be a little brief as this makes the fortieth time — Uncle Barney was shot and killed in front of his open safe. Everything except the will leaving all his property to his nephew, Bob Watkins, was taken. Bob's gun, from which it has been proved the fatal bullet came, was found on the floor under an overturned chair. Bob had a witnessed quarrel with his uncle, who left swearing he would destroy the will, which he claimed was written in Bob's favor. That night, when he was evidently opening his safe to carry out his threat, he was shot. Bob claims he was on the road from town at that time, but no one saw him. I believe he killed his uncle for his property, for we all know Bob's impatience and Uncle Barney's apparent good health."

They all honestly believed the boy was guilty, and it surely did look bad for him.

"Well, what do you say now?" I was asked.

"Boys," I answered, "the evidence is purely circumstantial, and since April the fifteenth I've made up my mind that more than that would be necessary to cause me to take another life. If you want to hear why my mind has been so made up, I'll tell you. Whether you do or not, I still am not convinced sufficiently to say 'guilty'."

They were all sick of the whole trial, and had it not been for Uncle Barney's popularity, they would have all come to "not guilty" just so they could leave that dingy little room. Curiosity, however, held them, and the desire of knowing why I had put to shame the most stubborn mule alive was expressed.

"You'll remember my dog, Pete," I began, "Wan't much on looks, was he? But a heart of gold. I won't

bother you with the details of how I got him, how we lived and loved; but how he died is the thing that you will hear.

"One morning, with Pete at my heels, I entered my chicken house. A thorough atmosphere of destruction met my eyes. Feathers everywhere. Blood spotted on the walls, and strewn from one end of the house to the other were heads, legs and wings of about a dozen chickens. I instantly looked for Pete and there he was looking up at me in the most innocent manner. There was blood sprinkled across his chest and feathers were in his mouth. Whether or not he had been so arrayed when he was following me I do not know, for I had not turned when I heard his soft padded trot behind me en route to the hen house. But few dogs having tasted the blood of a chicken can be taught not to become a killer. If he turns killer, he becomes such a nuisance and criminal that his death is very necessary. But I had confidence in Pete's ability to understand and his devoted obedience.

"Then came the hardest job I've ever had to do in my life. I took Pete to each remains of a chicken and there gave him a number of sound thrashings. When I thought I had put over the idea of what would happen to a bad doggie who killed his master's fouls, I called Pete outside, and there seated on the chopping block, we had a heart to heart talk. I explained how the recent blows had hurt me more than him and that never again should he enter that house. He promised he wouldn't. Aw, you laugh, do you? When he raised those big brown eyes, plumb filled with understanding, he just looked me square in the face and said he was sorry we'd had a falling out. So we shook hands, and I sent him away while I cleaned out all signs of recent slaughter. Not all of my feathered pets had met their doom; I still had probably eighty more that must have fled through their little exits when the storm broke.

"That evening before retiring I went out to the hen house. Everything seemed O. K. In order to prove to myself that Pete would never kill another chicken, I left the door partly open. Returning to the house and retiring, I hoped and prayed that on awakening everything would be the same as I had left it. Needless to say, I passed a restless night.

"Then it happened. About five that morning every chicken I had began telling the world that the 'Old Scratch' himself had descended on them and was turning their peaceful quarters into a bedlam on fire.

"I was out of bed, gun in hand, dashing out of the house down the path to the rescue. Something or someone was in that little whitewashed house carrying on a deadly business with all the quietness of a full speeding fire engine crashing through a plate glass shop window into a display of tinware. The proverbial bull in a china shop was no comparison. At the sound of my ungraceful stumbling advance the shuffling within ceased. Not so with the cry for assistance being voiced by my terrorized fowls. At about ten feet from the door I suddenly stopped. Since the door was the most likely exit for the intruder, I did not care to be blocking it at the time of his departure. My plans for a stealthy maneuver were, however, knocked sky high winding, for with the most joyous and satisfied expression on his bloodstained face, Pete walked out of the henhouse and calmly squatted down on his haunches just in front of me.

"The horror registered on my face was immediately noticed, and the satisfied air quickly changed to complete humility, as he doubtless remembered what had followed a similar scene less than twenty-four

hours before. I couldn't say a word; my mouth just gaped open in dumb amazement. Pete began to whimper and cower disgracefully.

" 'Pete, you lied to me!' at last I managed to say. That I had been so completely made a fool of hurt me. My temper began to rise. To trust a pal as I had done and now to find he was a thief and killer at heart.

" 'I'll have to kill you, boy. Don't get me wrong. It's not my temper that's going to cause me to pull this trigger; it's the fact that you're a killer. It's gotten in your blood; you'll never be able to get it out. I'd get rid of every feathered thing I own, but that wouldn't cure you. You'd just take to prowling around at night to neighbors' hen houses. No, old boy, we've got to part.

" 'Don't look at me like that, Pete; turn your head a minute, it won't take long. I promise you I won't let you suffer. Just one shot.'

"He wouldn't look anywhere but right in my face. Devotion, trust and love could be seen in those deep liquid eyes. It took all the courage I had ever had and more than I'll ever have again to draw a bead on that blood-stained white blaze running between that dog's eyes. And there, with our eyes locked, I pressed the trigger. Pete met death like a man. How long it took me to bury him, I can only guess. It seemed years.

"When I came down off the hill, shovel in one hand, Bible in the other . . . What are you snickering about? I read what I thought was the prettiest part of that book. And I prayed that he might be forgiven for yielding to his inherited instinct to kill. But I see you want me to hurry so you can go to the judge. As I was saying, when I came down off the hill, there was Jeb Turner waiting for me. He had already visited the chicken house and profanely asked just what had happened.

"I told him all. When I had finished he slightly motioned for me to follow him to the scene of the slaughter. There on the floor lay two tattered figures—one a headless chicken, the other a much cut-up weazel. Who the real murderer was and why Pete was covered with blood were answered in this one picture.

"Because Jeb understood, he did not attempt to follow my drunken stagger as I retraced my steps up that hill. What I said and did does not interest you. I doubt if you would ever understand, unless you own a dog.

"So you see, I've made a fool of myself by convicting an innocent dog on circumstantial evidence; far be it from me to take a chance on repeating the sin on a person. I'll still sit here and call for more evidence."

Well, you ought to have heard 'em rave; they claimed this case was different. I couldn't see it that way; so out we marched and under the scorching eyes of the judge told him we couldn't agree.

The case was fought all over again, but on the day before it was ready to go to the new jury, they caught "Chicago Bill." Under steady pressure on the part of Bob's hard-working lawyer, he confessed to a series of crimes one of which was the murder of Uncle Barney. Chicago Bill had been an unseen witness to Bob's quarrel and his uncle's threat. Being a professional, he at once grasped the perfect layout for a crime. He followed Uncle Barney home and, having snitched Bob's gun, with a hand practiced in retrieving wallets, pulled his little act and coolly planted the weapon.

That's about all there is to it. As I said before, I've been given all the credit; they don't give Pete any honor at all. But that's all right, it's too late to matter now.

A SQUIRREL

By Leroy Clements

The cutest and prettiest thing one may see
Is a little squirrel, so shy,
As he sits on the limb of a white oak tree
Seen plainly against the sky.

His long bushy tail climbs up his back
With its fringes of silver and gold,
And gently sways this way and that
To protect him from the cold.

His sharp black eyes that sit 'way out,
Just like an Indian mound,
Appear to be watching the sun and clouds,
But miss nothing on the ground.

Did you ever see a squirrel bathe,
Up there in a tree so high,
By wettings his hands with his little tongue
And rubbing them over each eye?

Look! Can't you see him up there now,
In the glare of the sun's last rays,
With his paws uplifted to the sky,
Like a priest when he stands and prays?

Look! Can't you see him up there now,
Taking in the sun's last rays,
With his hands uplifted to the sky,
Thanking nature for such fine days?

DISILLUSIONMENT

By Jack Drewry

I was an average high school student when I started taking Physics. My ideas on life, love, science and so forth were good enough for me. I was perfectly happy and had lived thus for more than sixteen years with such absurd (as I see them now) thoughts concerning the elements of life.

To me, back in the good old days, when I would put on my slicker to keep from getting wet, the wetness would be rain; white, soft, cold flakes falling down from the clouds were snow, nothing but nice clean snow; when I got out of bed on a winter morning my feet got cold because the floor was cold, no other reason; when a stone fell to the ground it was be cause it was too heavy to float and likewise a light object floated just because it was light.

But alas! those days are gone. Never again shall I have the simple belief that a magnet drew a piece of steel or iron to it because it had some

mysterious, unknown power. Everything was changed when I took that fatal step and entered No. 309 to hear Searge explode all of my pet theories, beliefs and ideas. I was disillusioned — sadly disillusioned. Rain is not rain. It is excessive moisture above the earth which has collected about dust particles. When it gets cold enough this condenses further and releases drops of moisture which grow larger as they fall. Snow is not snow. It is condensing moisture which begins its process below freezing. My feet got cold because wood was a better conductor of heat than my flesh. The result— all of the heat running from my feet to help warm up the floor although it did not need it nearly as much as I. Rocks fall to the ground because a man named Newton said something or other about universal gravitation and three laws of motion. An object floats because some old Greek, dead for 2000 years, proved it when he got into his bathtub and found the density of an alleged gold crown. And now I learn that a magnet has a field around it made up of lines of force (how they got there or why, I do not know). When a piece of iron gets in this field, unless they are both too heavy or are fastened down, there is nothing in the world to prevent an introduction.

It was very difficult at first to get used to all of these strange phenomena, but I am slowly becoming hardenen to them. And soon, I fear, all of my innocent childish idealism will disappear and I will be a caloused realist seeing things in an exact scientific way instead of a more beautiful and, as I used to think, better way.

It was ever thus — we learn a thing, but as soon as we are a little more advanced we find that we should not have listened to what we were taught but that truth lies elsewhere.

MUSIC

By James Hemphill

How lovely music is
That expression of man so dear,
Summed up in melodies
For all the world to hear.

Music like birds in June
Their carols to impart
Is love itself in a tune
Sung by a happy heart.

The world, no doubt, must have cried
For happiness, joy and mirth,
So God took a part of heaven
And put it here on earth.

"LUCK"

By Helen Stephenson

Tim McGuire, better known in sporting circles as "Sure Win" McGuire, was quite a familiar figure to the habitues of Churchill Downs. There seemed to be a regular fraternity of men whose whole life

centered around this business—for such it was to them—of horse racing, and whose chief interest in life was the form and speed of various favorites. No one knew, inquired into, or even cared about the past of any of his cronies; as long as one knew horses, bet occasionally, and was a generally good sport, he was popular enough with this secret band. In this group belonged "Sure Win." He was always at all the races, big or small, which were held on the Churchill Downs track. Before the races, he would walk through the stands and the spectators' track, speaking as casually to his friends as though he had no personal interest in the outcome of the races, although half of his possessions might be backing one horse. He seemed to have an almost uncanny knack of picking the winner. Hence, the name "Sure Win."

McGuire's clothes were always neat but not costly; he lived quite simply, and spent little on himself. He did, however, own, along with several other good horses, Black Lady, one of the finest horses in Kentucky and the winner of several of the small races. Being unmarried, McGuire stayed at the Racing Club, a rather second-rate but respectable dormitory for those followers of Lady Luck who had won enough of her blessings to enable them to pay the moderate rates required. Here "Sure Win", when not at his stables, spent most of his time, content to sit and smoke cigarette after cigarette while listening to the often-heard and sometimes doubtful stories related by various members of the troop, for such it might be called. Occasionally, he went to an all-night poker party, and his luck seemed to hold there as well as at the track. He often said that Luck was his Goddess, the only thing he worshiped.

There were two other characteristics of "Sure Win's" which could not be ignored. One was that he had always loved horses as if they were human, and the other that he had never been known to fail anyone who needed or depended on him. Although he might have been called "a sophisticate of the race-track" and certainly was a born gambler, he had his code, "Luck, horses and men," and he stuck to it. He had been known to sit up all night with a sick horse and care for it as if it were a child. He was always glad to help the down-and-out and needy, but whenever any of his beneficiaries tried to thank him, he became brusque and impatient and escaped them as soon as possible.

Churchill Downs is the yearly scene of what is probably the most famous race in America—the Kentucky Derby. For this event, people from all parts of the United States crowd to Kentucky, some just as spectators, others with what might be their life-savings to place on some "good tip" or other. Owners of racers establish their stables at the tracks, and thoroughbreds from everywhere train faithfully in preparation for the great meet.

"Sure Win" had always given the best training to Black Lady and, intent that she should win the Derby the first time she was entered, had run her only in minor races. At the time of this story, he had decided to enter her in the next Derby and, accordingly, had bent all his energies toward getting her in tip-top shape. At first, he had thought he would ride her himself (he could not help feeling a just pride in his horsemanship) but had finally decided to employ "Little Ben," a jockey who had distinguished himself on the Saratoga track. All his plans were well and carefully laid. Black Lady was in splendid condition, Ben seemed born to her back, all of McGuire's money was on her, and he felt that, with the help of his ever-present luck, he would "make a killing." Most of the gamblers seemed to

think so too as the bets stood ten to one in favor of Black Lady.

"Lady's" chief rival was Scarab, a powerful horse which was ridden by the owner's son, Jim Richards, a skillful rider but inexperienced on the track. As his stable joined McGuire's, the two became quite friendly in spite of the rivalry between their horses. The older man gave the boy much helpful advice from his well-stocked experience. "If Black Lady weren't running, I'd bet on Scarab," was McGuire's favorite joke with Jim.

The day before the race, the track fairly swarmed with people, young and old—men and women who had come in the hope of seeing a pre-race try out of their favorite. Nervous jockeys and harassed owners rambled from stable to track and back again, unable to suppress their excitement. Even the horses seemed to feel the importance of the approaching event. McGuire, apparently very nonchalant, spent most of the morning at his stable consulting with his jockey and examining Black Lady, whose condition seemed perfect. Sauntering out, he decided to go next door and cheer up Jim. "But the poor kid's scared to death," he thought, remembering the sensation he had felt just prior to his first race. Entering the stable, he found Jim looking after Scarab.

"Well, kid, how's tricks?"

"Awful!" answered Jim. As he turned around mustering a rather sick grin, he showed his right arm, bound in a sling.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed McGuire.

"Oh, I stumbled yesterday, like the clumsy fool I am, and broke my arm. I only hope I don't break the other one before tomorrow," Jim replied with a brave effort at flippancy.

"Look here, boy," announced the man, "don't you know you can't run like that? Even if you could, the judges wouldn't let you."

"I've got to," responded the boy with grim determination. "All dad's money is on this horse and it'll break his heart if he loses. Besides, my college money's got to be won at this race. We'll make it, won't we, Scarab?"

"By golly, I believe you would if they'd let you. But they won't! Say, you're a good kid and I know you can't get a jocky by tomorrow. I'll tell you what! I'll see that Scarab's properly ridden tomorrow if you'll promise not to see the jockey until he's at the starting point. I swear it won't be anything crooked just because Scarab's good."

McGuire's quick understanding and ready sympathy won Jim's heart, and he gratefully accepted the offer in the same spirit in which it was made.

"Sure Win" went over to his stable, locked himself in his little office, and sat down to reason it all out. "I can't get a jockey by tomorrow any more than the kid can, so I'll have to ride Scarab. It's a good thing I gave him one or two work-outs for Jim. And Scarab's got to win! What do I care if I lose money? I have only myself to think of, but in Jim's case, there's the boy and his old, impoverished father to consider. But it's not fair to the men who've backed Black Lady to withdraw her or to tell Ben not to run her hard. 'Luck, horses and men.' Luck's the greatest, but I've got to be true to all three. Yes, it would be nice to have my 'Lady' the winner and my name 'Sure Win' made surer still, but—. And if I ride Scarab to victory, I'll be called a traitor to my horse and her backers and they'll swear I had my money on the other horse. Well, at least I can save myself that last and at the same time lend mystery to the race. I'll ride masked and trust to Luck."

McGuire had told Jim not to come to the stables on the day of the race.

Hard as this was, Jim promised to do as he was bidden. Everyone in the stands, and even the usually imperturbable judges were so curious about the mysterious jockey that pre-race arguments and discussions were practically ignored. Scarab was the last to weigh in, and then the horses lined up at the start. "Sure Win," glancing hurriedly at Black Lady, thought she seemed rather nervous, but there was no time for further observation. Crash! They were off! McGuire was a natural rider and Scarab a wonderful horse, but they could not pass Black Lady, who kept well in the lead. Close to the finish, McGuire suddenly realized that "Lady" had stumbled and, in spite of Ben's efforts, had gone down. Much as he loved her, McGuire was glad she was out of the race. That meant Scarab would be the winner!

Crack! Scarab in first! Quick as a flash. before the crowd could gather, McGuire was off the horse and rushing to his stable. Hurriedly changing his clothes, all the while blessing his luck, he emerged—"Sure Win" McGuire. Coming up to the crowd, he caught the eye of Jim, surrounded by admirers, and shouted, "Congratulations!"

Jim ran over to him with a "Thank you a thousand times. We'd have been sunk if you hadn't gotten the jockey. Tell him to ask the bookkeeper for his share of the winnings. That is, if you still say I can't see him. But gosh, I'm sorry 'bout Black Lady," he added, genuine sympathy in his voice.

"That's all right, kid. Run 'long to college," answered McGuire kindly.

That night at the club all the troop were discussing the race when Mc Guire walked in.

"Too bad, man," said one, the spokesman of the crew. "Guess we'll have to stop calling you 'Sure Win' now."

"Well, such is Luck," was the laconic reply.

PONS ASINORUM

By Eleanore Townsend

I reach the bridge where dunces pause,
My struggles leave me weary;
With heartless Euclid's baleful laws
The prospect seems most dreary.

I yearn to claim my rights as dunce
(For now I've grown most shameless)
And drop this hateful stuff at once.
'Tis Euclid's fault,—I'm blameless!

Oh shade of Euclid, send us light!
Have pity on the asses,
And take away the Stygian night
That broods o'er Geom'try classes!

"THE BLUE BOY"

So you're the "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, the old master whose hand put you on the canvas? The critics claim you are a masterpiece, but your face is too condescending to suit my humble taste. Then, too, your air is rather too patronizing for the younger generation of today. You look like one of these goody-goody boys I've read about, but I'll bet my boots you were just as bad as I am. I suppose though you were a favorite with the girls of your day; you look the type anyway. Well my generation has the same type, these wasp-waisted young fools with shrill falsetto voices and soft muscles. Yes sir, that's exactly why the younger generation is so severely criticized. You know I hope our present day artists will not portray any of these clowns as typical of my generation. From your looks I haven't the slightest reason to believe that your generation envied you. Why just look at the clothes you wear, lace collar and those dear silk ribbons holding up your silk stockings. Why, my generation doesn't care whether its socks are held up or not; you see we wear pants long enough to cover our spindling shanks anyway, and as for lace collars even the old maids and ministers have ceased to wear them. Ours is an age of comfort and we're not going half as close to hell as some of our ministers tell us.

Say, I'll just bet that blue suit of yours would look fine after a nice rough and tumble fight; your pants are too tight anyway. By the Lord Harry, what is that in your hand? It looks like your mother's hat. Why it's **your** hat. You don't mean to say that you have the nerve to wear that monstrosity? Why my generation doesn't even wear a hat, much less a feather bed like that.

I say, old boy, I've been ripping you up the back pretty stiff, haven't I? Well you deserve what you got, but just the same I expect you had your good points; most of us have. Why, I've been sitting here talking to you just as if you were in the flesh, but after you're only a picture. From art's standpoint you are absolutely perfect, but as a live human being you're not so hot.

Well, good bye, old top, be your age just as you've been for years and years, and now I'm going to be mine.

SNOW

By Susie Downing

Feathery snowflakes floating earthward—
Softly, softly, lighter than down—
Coaxed and pressed by winds that know how
Best to cover a sooty town.

Peacefulness comes when snow has fallen—
Daintily, daintily, thru the night—
Peace that brings the deepest content,
Making the burdened heart grow light.

Snugly nesting by the fire place
Drowsily, drowsily, sleepy head—
Thinking of the snow outside,
Covering up the ugly and dead.

THE COUNTESS

By Hattie E. Rubin

What a scene! Although it was twelve o'clock, harsh, coarse laughter could be heard coming from the gay cafes at Montmartre, which was one of the most notorious sections of the slums of Paris. The shrillest voices were echoed from the Cafe Rivoli, which was the rowdiest of all the cafes in Montmartre.

Inside the cafe, the lurid-colored walls gave a very striking and gruesome appearance to its patrons, who were seated at the tables in slouching positions.

Suddenly an elegantly dressed young woman entered the cafe. She appeared to be about twenty-five years old. One of the most striking features of her beautiful face was her raven-colored eyes, which seemed to penetrate everyone whom she encountered. By the numerous and very familiar greetings that she received while passing by the tables, it was evident that she was not a stranger. She was none other than Marie Dubois, who was seen in the most select circles of the society of Paris. To these people of the underworld she was simply known as the "Countess" because of her beautiful clothes and fine manners.

She sat down at a table, in a far, dark corner of the room, which was occupied by two sinister-looking men. The three were soon engaged in a quiet conversation. Anyone overhearing this mysterious conversation would have been greatly surprised to learn that they were planning to steal the famous Madame Van Lione's diamonds.

"Is everything all set for to-morrow night, Countess?" asked Bull, who was seated at the table.

"Everything is all right, so don't worry," replied the Countess.

"Gee, I hope we make a good haul," said Red in a loud, rough voice.

"You fool, don't speak so loudly!" exclaimed Bull angrily. "Do you want everyone here to know about this job? If anything goes wrong, you will be the cause of it."

"Pipe down, you two," said the Countess. "From now on I'll do the talking, and you two birds will do the listening. Get me?"

"O. K.," replied Bull and Red together.

"Well, here is the plan for tomorrow night," continued the Countess. "Madame Van Lione is giving a banquet to-morrow night, and, of course, she will show everyone her two beautiful, blue-white, unset diamonds, which are very valuable. Both of you will go along as my escorts. Bull, you are Mr. Smith, and Red, you are Mr. Jones. You both have just arrived from America to visit Paris. After everyone has seen the diamonds, they will go into the ballroom. Then, Bull, you will draw the detective, who will be guarding the diamonds, into a conversation. Red, you will sneak in, grab the diamonds, and make a getaway as soon as possible. When the detective discovers that the diamonds are missing and everyone is being searched, you ought to be a hundred miles from here. When I get home, you slip them to me, and I'll hide them. Upon suspecting you, because of your sudden departure, they will come to pay you a friendly little visit, and during this visit will search you. Of course, they won't find them, and you will become insulted because they suspect you. The next day I'll grab a boat for America and smuggle the diamonds in. I will try to sell them in America. Now, isn't that simple?"

"Well, I must say you're smart," said Bull sarcastically. "What's to become of little Red and me while

you're in America spending our money?"

"Don't be a fool," replied the Countess. After I sell the diamonds, I'll grab the next boat back and split the money with you.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bull.

"But, Countess, how are you going to hide the sparklers?" asked Red. "Bet you never thought of that."

"Leave that to me, Brightness," replied the Countess sarcastically.

"All right, but if they find them—."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, I'd better go home and get some sleep," said the Countess. "I need it after this. Don't forget about to-morrow night."

"O. K.," replied Bull and Red.

The Countess stepped into her gorgeous limousine and after telling the chauffeur to drive her home, she leaned back comfortably in the corner of the seat.

The ballroom of Madame Van Lione's home was decorated with exquisite plants and colorful flowers. Soon the room was filled with people, who were dancing to the strains of the first waltz.

"Mademoiselle Marie Dubois; Messieurs Jones and Smith," announced the butler.

"I am so glad to see you, Madame Lione," said the Countess sweetly.

"You know I am always glad to see you, dear Marie," replied Madame Van Lione.

"By the way, Madame Lione, I want you to meet two friends of mine, M. Smith and M. Jones, from America," said the Countess.

"I am delighted to meet you," said Madame Van Lione. "Now, Marie, I want you to come into the next room and see my two new diamonds."

Everyone entered the next room. On a blue velvet cushion lay two gorgeous perfect, blue-white diamonds.

"How beautiful," murmured the Countess.

After many exclamations of this kind, every one went into the ballroom, where the orchestra had already started on the next tune.

When Bull had drawn into a conversation the detective, who had his back turned to the table on which the diamonds were, Red grabbed the diamonds. Before the detective had discovered that the diamonds were gone, Red had fled.

The Countess, pleading a headache, had gone home early. No one suspected her as she had been with Madame Van Lione all the time. When the police came to search Red, he had already given the diamonds to the Countess. Red became very indignant when the police searched him and threatened to sue Madame Van Lione for the insult.

The next day there were a few lines in the society column of the paper saying that Mademoiselle Marie Dubois had sailed for America.

In the meantime, while the Countess was having a glorious time on the boat, the detectives were at the New York harbor watching for Madame Van Lione's diamonds. They had a suspicion that the diamonds would be smuggled into America, and they were watching everyone who came off the boats from Paris. Detective Tim O'Hara was in charge of the investigation. On this particular day, he had come down to the docks because he had heard that his old friend. the Countess, was on the boat, which was due any minute. Detective Tim O'Hara had had many experiences with the Countess and had caught her many times, although she always managed to squeeze out. He had previously sworn that one day he would get her in such a way that she wouldn't be able to get out. He was angry that anyone like the notorious Countess could outwit anyone like him. He never boasted or praised himself at all!

The boat had just docked, and he

immediately ran up the gang-plank. He scrutinized every passenger to make sure that the Countess wasn't in disguise. Suddenly he spied her!

"Well, if it isn't my old friend, the Countess!" he exclaimed.

"Well, if it isn't 'Hard Luck' himself!" said the Countess sarcastically.

"Yeah!" said Tim, "it won't be 'Hard Luck' long."

The Countess had nicknamed him 'Hard Luck' after her many experiences of fooling him.

I don't suppose you know anything about Mrs. Van Lione's diamonds?" asked Tim sarcastically.

"Oh, no," replied the Countess in a timid voice.

"I didn't think you did," said Tim. "Some ring you have on." He had just noticed the large ring on her left hand. Suddenly he noticed that the ring was mounted in a very high setting, which was elaborately decorated. "I suppose you picked it up on one of your jobs," he continued.

"This ring was given to me by a Count," said the Countess haughtily

"Don't make me laugh!" exclaimed Tim. "Given to you! Gee, that's rich! Let me see it," he continued as he saw her gasp.

"Really, it's only an ordinary ring," answered the Countess.

"Well, I always was interested in 'ordinary rings'," said Tim as he took the ring off her finger. The Countess held her breath as if she was afraid of every move his fingers made on the ring. Suddenly, as he touched one of the emeralds which were in the setting, the center stone, also an emerald, sprang up. Hidden in the bottom of the ring were the stolen diamonds.

"Clever idea, Countess," said Tim. "I don't see how you ever thought of it. Now I see it all. The center stone is made on a spring, and it opens when you press the last emerald in the setting. Darn clever, Countess, but I've got you with the goods this time. Come clean, and tell little Tim who helped you."

"You got me this time 'Hard Luck'," said the Countess, "and I think you have earned the name 'Good Luck.' Bull and Red helped me."

A week later Bull and Red were brought over to America, and they were escorted to Tim's office.

"Might know you would get us into trouble," was Red's greeting to the Countess. "It's just like I told you, Bull; never depend on a woman."

"Is that so?" asked the Countess, "I would like to see you do better, Stupid."

"Don't say I didn't warn you," said Red proudly.

"Pipe down, you two and let's get down to business," said Tim.

"Yeah, our next business will be in Sing Sing," answered Bull.

"Without women!" exclaimed Red.

THE EAGLE

By Edwin Young

A noble bird looks down on us below—
A bird who ever lives above the din
And noise of this sad world, subdued in sin.
From his vast realms and lofty heights of snow,
The large bird seems a mere fantastic show.
He loves the pure, clear air, the sky; and thin
Though clouds may be, they yet have ever been
A goal which he may never cease to know.

O bird! may we to thy great heights aspire!
And then may we be not content to dwell
Alone, yet above the masses in the mire.
We should fly high above the earth and yell
To those below to come ahead and be
With us above the others which they see.

"HOWLS"

By Frances Whitt

What is more aggravating than to hear a "kid" crying? Every time I go to a movie and get interested in the picture, one of them starts bawling. Then mother has to sacrifice the rest of the picture to go out and walk the floor. One of the "gang" (so they call themselves) in my neighborhood is always boo-hooing, and I finally come to the conclusion that Mickey McGuire has been up to some of his famous tricks again.

Every time my little sister cries, I don't bother, because I know she caused the trouble herself; as the latest piece says, "I faw down and go boom."

When Johnny cries, I know he's swallowed a button or a safety pin, as they're his specialties.

I used to cry too, but I'm a big girl now and don't cry any more 'cause my tear-box is empty. I cried it all empty the time I swallowed a great big peach seed, and mama said a peach tree was going to grow inside of me. One time when I was a baby my brother dumped me out of my go-cart while running to a fire. When we got there I was "hollering" to beat the band and some one yelled out, "Fireman, save my child." That was just one episode in my young life, but it wasn't the last nor the least either. When I found, about a week before Christmas, the rocking chair Santa Claus had hidden for me under a pile of quilts in brother's room, I tried to take it down stairs to show mama. Then, 'twas my fate to fall down and land on my head. I regained consciousness a few minutes after, but there's still a dent in my forehead. It's not half as deep as it used to be, though, because my brains have pushed it out a little since they've developed more. (What are you laughing at?).

COASTING

By Louise Smith

You look out your window and see at a glance
If we don't have snow it will miss a good chance;
Now it is falling ever so fast—
I hope it has come this time to last

And will cover the hills as white as a ghost;
We'll get the crowd and go for a coast.
The going up is sure to be slow,
But when you start down, O how you go.

The sport is fine and you are aglow.
What do we care if the wind does blow?
The feeling is fine when you go down the grade,
And don't give a rap if the sled is home-made.

"REVENGE"

By Virginia Hamilton

Andy sat up with a sudden jerk and clutched his revolver. He was certain he had heard a footstep. He was sleeping in the open, and the sky was clear overhead. The moon was shining and objects could be seen almost as clearly as if it were day. He held his breath and listened for the sound to be repeated. Quite a while passed and nothing happened, so he lay down again. However, he did not close his eyes. He was still on the alert, listening and looking toward the spot from which the sound had come.

In a moment, he thought he saw a movement in the sage brush. He knew it was an animal or a person, for there was no wind stirring to move the brush. He thought of the conversation at dinner that day of a dangerous cattle thief who had just crossed the border into Texas. For that very reason, he was on his way to a distant range to look after a herd of cattle. Night had come on, and as he knew he would have little time for sleep when he reached the range, he decided to take it then.

Ah! the sage moved again. Then he heard a groan, and something dropped to the earth.

"Who goes there?" shouted Andy.

There was no answer, so Andy repeated: "I say, who goes there?"

By this time Andy, who had been slowly moving toward the place, stopped suddenly. What he saw filled him with horror. There on the ground before him was his side partner. His face was so besmeared with blood that he was hardly recognizable. He was all crumpled up in a heap and was lying on his back, his hand clutching his shoulder, his features horribly distorted.

"Jim!" gasped Andy.

But there was no response. Quickly Andy knelt and felt his chum's heart. In vain he listened to hear its welcome beat. He could hardly believe it, yet here was his best friend—dead.

At first he hardly knew what to make of it, and then he recalled the thought of the notorious cattle thief. Could this man have had anything to do with the death of his pal? But at the present Andy had no time to reason things out. He decided to carry Jim's body to the ranch at once. Accordingly, he unhobbled his horse and, holding Jim in front of him, he set off.

Grief, such as he had never known, came to Andy on this ride back to the ranch. He had to ride slowly, and so he had plenty of time for thought. Several times on the way he thought he heard his companion moan, but each time he was hopelessly disappointed.

After a ride of about two hours Andy saw a light in the distance. For the first time he realized that the stars had disappeared and that the first gray of morning was appearing over the mountains in the east.

He spurred his horse on, for he knew that the boys would soon be ready to leave the ranch house. As he drew near he saw the form of Uncle Zeke, the negro cook, outlined against the window.

As he pulled up and jumped to the ground, he knocked on the door and shouted: "Hi, boys! It's Andy; open up!"

In less time than it takes to tell Andy was in the kitchen, his story had been told and Jim's body was being examined.

"Dat thief sho mus' me pow'ful strong," mumbled Uncle Zeke, "ef he kin beat Marse Jim."

"It looks like dirty work to me," seconded old Jerry, who seemed

more of a father to the boys than a mere friend.

A knife wound was found in Jim's shoulder and his face and arms were badly slashed. It was finally decided that loss of blood had caused his death.

"Something must be done about this and done quick," said Andy.

Everybody agreed with him, and it was decided that fifteen of the twenty boys should set out immediately after the burial of Jim. They were to separate and cover all the land possible along the border in a search for Mexican Sam.

The funeral services were simple, and, after a short talk with Jerry, the boys started. At first they rode together, but as they went farther they left each other. Finally Andy was left alone. He had decided to cover the range for which he had originally set out.

After a hard day's ride, he reached his section of the range and after resting a short while, he rode down the eastern slope of the mountains and tethered his horse at the foot. Slowly he walked to the river's edge and looked up and down it as far as he could see. Nothing unusual seemed to have happened, so he mounted his horse and followed the river for a short distance. He knew a path to a cave in the mountains where there was little chance to be discovered by anyone. Accordingly, he guided his horse through the tangled brush and rocks.

He had almost reached the cave when he noticed that twigs and small branches had been broken from the growth running along the path. A little farther he saw what looked like a piece of wool from a cowboy's chaps. Andy did not know what to make of these signs. He led his horse off of the trail and hid him. Then, advancing cautiously, he neared the cliff. He feared the worst and wondered how anyone could have found the cave which he thought was known only to himself.

With his pistol drawn he approached the opening, hugging the side of the wall. It seemed that he heard a murmur of voices and could detect the smell of bacon. As he drew closer, he could tell the voices apart but was still unable to hear what was said.

The sage brush grew right around the mouth of the cave, so Andy was able to get very close without being seen. He had to take the chance that there was no one guarding the entrance. Soon he heard what was going on and was surprised to find that this was the rendezvous of the notorious cattle thief, Mexican Sam. He could see about twenty-five men lolling around in the cave.

"Waal," drawled Mexican Sam, "I reckon as how that bird won't be hankering fer to come messin' roun' me no more. Ha! Ha!"

"That was some fight, Sam, I can tell you. I didn't think for a time that you was coming out all right. Ef it hadn' been for me, I reckon as how you wouldn' have," put in one of Sam's gang.

"Aw, pipe down, Shorty. I notice as how you were the first one to run when he started shooting."

"Look here, Dawson, you act like you done so much. S'posen you jes' try to handle them cows up in—."

"Who's running this business anyhow?" broke in Sam. "It's time we got away from this place."

On hearing these words, Andy, with a pistol in each hand, started to jump up, but discretion got the best of such a reckless intention. He could do little to avenge his pal when the whole gang was assembled. Acting according to his thoughts, he rapidly and warily proceeded to the place where his horse was tied. Just as he reached for the horse's reins, a bullet cut the bushes above his head. He had been discovered! Leaving his horse and stooping very

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY

low, he ran in the direction of a back entrance to the cave. The bullets were still coming and he could hear men running through the brush. During the time that he had listened to the men it had grown quite dark.

The darkness was a great help to Andy, but in a way it was a hindrance, for he lost all sense of direction.

All of a sudden he heard voices ahead. He stopped short and realized for the first time that he was no longer pursued. He wondered who it could be. The voices sounded familiar enough. It seemed to be two men having quite a hot discussion.

"Why in the hell didn't you take some aim before you shot? Any fool could have done better than that, you long-legged cur!" shouted one of the men, by whose voice Andy recognized him to be Mexican Sam.

"Take that, that, and that!"

With these words, Sam knocked Shorty down and kicked him two or three times. At every attempt of the man to rise, he was knocked back by Sam, until finally he gave up from sheer exhaustion.

"So, you can't even fight, huh?" snarled Sam.

At this moment Andy, with pistol in hand, stepped into the open. Just as Sam was about to give a parting blow to Shorty, Andy yelled: "Hands up!"

Sam, startled at the sound of the voice, immediately threw up his hands. As he turned around to face Andy, he slowly lowered his hands.

"Keep 'em up!" ordered Andy.

The man looked at him with a sneer on his face.

"So you think you've captured me and the five grand reward that is on my head, do you?" and with that he leaped at Andy, striking the pistol from his hand.

In a moment the two were locked in a hand-to-hand fight. About fifteen yards away was a precipice which had a sheer drop of three hundred feet. Andy had noticed it before his encounter with Sam, and now all his energy was exerted to keep from rolling off the cliff.

Nearer and nearer the two got to the edge. Now they were on their feet, now on the ground. As they drew nearer the edge, Andy grew desperate. With all his strength he wrenched himself loose from Sam and jumped to his feet. Sam was up in a moment, but Andy was too quick. With a flash of his fist, Andy caught the man in the chin, hurling him over the precipice. As Andy turned he saw Shorty, who had at last gotten up, crouched and ready to spring at him. Andy jumped aside just in time to avoid the lunge. As Shorty stumbled by, the former gave him a shove which sent him crashing after his companion.

* * * * * *

A telegraph boy ran up the steps of Andy's city home. Andy had left the ranch soon after the death of Mexican Sam.

When Andy went to the door the boy handed him a telegram addressed to:

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Alexander.

Tearing it open, he read: "Congratulations. Will arrive with your five thousand at 5 P. M.

Signed, JERRY."

Andy's happiness was now complete. He had avenged Sam's death and was to get a reward. On top of it all, he had found a perfect wife.

A DAY

By Mary Lelia Wells

The gray fog climbs to the mountain tops
To give the peaks their morning bath;
Behind the clouds the pale moon drops,
And the sun comes out on its daily path.

O'er the silent village the rays descend
To tell the folk that the day has begun;
To the fields of labor their ways they wend
To perform their duties to set of sun.

With a thrill of joy I gaze on the scene,
Then turn once more to the duties of life;
With courage renewed, and mind serene,
I take my place in the heart of the strife.

SPEAKING OF BEDS

By Dorothy Ritchie

I am a bed—not a big bed, not a small bed, but just a middle-sized bed. You see I fit all sizes. I live in a big New York hotel (reserving the name 'cause you might find me and cost me my job) in quite a nice room. Wasn't lucky enough to get in a private family (if you could find one these days) if you call that luck. But now I can gossip of many folks instead of two or three. Every cloud has a silver lining, you know. And now that you know who I am and where I live I'm going to talk to you quite confidentially, of course.

Started out to tell you about other folks and am still gossiping about myself. That only goes to prove that if you get even a bed to talking about himself, it's hard to stop him.

Speaking of types, I meet them. And how! Sometimes I think I've met all the types on earth and then about that time a different one slips up on me. Just goes to show you never can tell.

I was so provoked the other night. Had just gotten "all set" for one night of rest when I heard a key turn the lock in my door. No rest for the weary! Yet I hoped for the best, but one more glance and my heart sank within me. Wabbling along behind the porter came a "tired business man" in the form of a traveling salesman. Of all the people I hate to accommodate, the salesman is all of them. Really I'm not prevaricating one bit when I say this specimen was as broad as he was tall. He smiled from ear to ear when he saw me (he'd had a hard day—I'd have a hard night). Well, it wasn't long before I knew what 250 pounds in the middle felt like. I squared myself, but I didn't know what minute I'd give in. That rascal turned over on his back (tonsils and adenoids slid down in his throat) and started sawing logs. Sawed all night long. "Woodman spare that ax" meant nothing to him, and I didn't get a wink. No need to say the first gray streaks of dawn were a welcome sight to me.

Two or three nights ago I had the pleasure of entertaining a real modernist. She'd b e e n raising

"whoopee" someplace, I guess, for she looked a little tired, but none the less good to me. She was just a slim model of Venus de Milo. Some peo ple don't like these little flappers, but personally I'm all for them. They don't try to kick your feet off nor knock your head around. And they don't mash your abdomen flat. Well, the first thing I knew she'd sprawled out all spread-eagle fashion and was sound asleep. No aches, no pains, no snores! (I had a good night's rest). Yes, I like these new-style humans.

I've seen right much in my time and I haven't been far either.

THE SONG OF THE VIOLIN

By Betsy Budd

Walking through a maze of streets
Wandering listlessly along—
Suddenly soft, sweet music came
O'er the tumult of the busy throng:
It was the violin's rich song.

As the music rose and fell
Gladly I seemed to see
Gurgling, dancing mountain rills
Rushing downward across the lea,
Roaring, swirling to the sea.

Now again I am aware
Of the tramping, stamping and the din
That pulses straight from the heart of the town
And the throb of the tumult seems to win
O'er the plantive song of the violin.

THE BRIDE OF THE NILE

By Roger Grant

The Emir of Rutarde was the supreme leader and sheik of a tribe of Arabs. This tribe of Arabs was by far the most powerful of all the desert tribes. It had seventy-three warriors and eighty of the fastest and most beautiful Arabian steeds to be found in Asia.

This old Emir had a son, Harun al Raschid, who was greatly admired by all of his fellow tribesmen. He was a quick, dashing, daring, energetic Arab. His greatest ambition was to have the finest horse and the most beautiful girl that was to be found anywhere on earth. Another thing which made young Raschid popular was his skill as a rider and a fighter. Every day the riders would go out to plunder and raid other tribes or, very often, travelers. Many caravans of travelers have been killed just because of these plundering Arabs.

Far in the distance will be seen a great cloud of dust rising into the sky. The heat from the tropical sun is terrific and travelers are so tired

and hot that they cannot fight. The Arabs quickly take all their water and anything else that they think valuable and leave the poor caravan to perish on the sandy desert.

Raschid had by this time picked out a tall, slender, black horse as the steed which he thought was the fastest horse in his tribe, and truly he was. But this was not the greatest of his ambitions; he wanted a wife.

Weeks passed and he had not found any one whom he wanted to be his wife. Desert life seemed to become monotonous and lonely. He no longer took the same interest in his plundering and racing.

One day, just at the setting of the sun, a tired caravan drifted into the tribe of the Rutarde and asked that they might lodge there for the night. After discussing the matter they decided to let the travelers stay until morning. This was an extremely risky thing for the travelers because desert dwellers are very treacherous. The Rutardes appeared very hospitable and even built them a fire.

After supper the tribesmen were asked how they got water. There were certainly no streams or rivers so far out in the desert, and surely there was no water underneath the sand. This was indeed a puzzle to the travelers. Raschid left the gathering and a few minutes later came back with an oval shell, which they recognized as being an ostrich shell. The shell was opened and it was full of nice cool water.

"You poor white people wonder how we get this water," said Raschid, talking in a rather deep voice, and cutting his words short. "I will tell you. Deep down under this sand are very small veins of water. We draw this water out, put it in ostrich shells and bury it about ten hands under the sand. Here it keeps cool no matter how hot it is at the surface. We keep water in shells because we never know when the veins will run dry. "Now," said Raschid, "I have told you how we get water; you tell me what is north of us."

Raschid was told that the land north of them had green grass, palms, fruits, flowers and many other things that he had never seen. The travelers also told him of a great river which furnished all this country with water and which made these green trees and flowers grow. This river, each year, was supposed to overflow its banks and make the soil fertile as well as wet. The people that inhabit this land would, each year, select the most beautiful maiden in the country to throw into the river as a sacrifice to induce the god of the river to send the floods. She was called the "Bride of the Nile."

Harun al Raschid did not sleep that night. He could not. All night long he lay thinking and gazing into the tropical heavens above him. "Why couldn't this beautiful maid be the bride of Raschid?"

At dawn the travelers journeyed on to that same land which they had told the Rutardes about the previous night. Three days later they reached their destination, finding the people in somewhat of a flurry because it was near the time for the Nile to overflow, and the "Bride of the Nile" was soon to be offered.

In the meantime, far out on the desert was a lone Arab, racing as if his life depended on it, while the black Arabian steed which he rode showed every appearance of having winged feet.

There was something peculiar about the color of the sky. They knew well what this brilliant red color of the sun and sky meant. It was a desert sand storm, and they were trying to outrun it. Ten minutes passed and they had reached safety. Yes, they outran the storm. Perhaps you have already guessed who this was. It was none other than

Harun al Raschid riding his matchless steed, who could run even faster than the wind.

Stretching out before him was the beautiful Nile river lined with gorgeous ferns and palm trees. There were also houses and strange people such as he had never seen before. He knew well what he had come for, but it was so different from what he had expected. He could do nothing but gaze at the wonderful sights. The group of people who were standing around a beautifully decorated cage were dressed very much as he was.

He had been viewing the houses and the people when he suddenly heard the people shouting, "Bride of the Nile!—Bride of the Nile!—We shall have the flood tomorrow! tomorrow!" At dawn this beautiful fairy-like girl was to be drowned in the Nile as a sacrifice to the "God of the Nile."

Raschid had remained unnoticed and it was now late in the night. He could hear this lovely maiden sobbing. Now was his chance to act. Like a flash he stepped out in front of the cage and before he hardly had time to look, a spear was pointed at his face. So startled was he that he stepped back. As he did this the guard sank through the platform because Raschid had stepped on the trigger to a trap door.

Two happy people went galloping over the sands that very night.

SPRING, O BALMY SPRING

By Lewis W. Patteson

O the chilling blasts of winter are gone
And flowers begin to bloom;
One feels such a joy. O what a day!
And mirth drives away the gloom.

The robin calls his mate on high
To come from her sheltered nest;
The mighty oaks bursting in foliage green
Enjoy the spring with the rest.

The world comes from under its blanket of snow,
The beauties of nature to see;
God has wrought a change in the seasons—
How thankful we should be.

GALOSHES

By Marguerite Blue

Galoshes are a peculiar foot covering adapted and sponsored by the well-known tribe called Flappers. At the first sign of even a single cloud, the flapper dons her galoshes and sallies forth.

Now, according to my observations, a true flapper never desires to fasten these monstrosities, even though they may have that popular fastening named Zipper. This fastener requires very little effort ac-

cording to the advertisement, which tells us, "Zip and it is on." This is all very well if it works. I say if it works, because of the several times it has annoyed me by failing to do so. You see this tricky innovation seems to delight in balking on its downward journey, refusing to budge either way. Poor victim. Perhaps the flapper has discovered this peculiarity. At any rate, I immediately class a person whose galoshes are closely fastened around her ankles as of an older generation.

In the school, the flappers seem to delight in the fact that they have discovered a method of making noise for which they cannot be reproached. In the classroom and up and down the halls they go, flop, flop, flop, causing all eyes to turn towards the doors as they pass. If ever a teacher wearies of this eternal paddling up and down and commands a devotee of this practice to remove the obnoxious boots, I hope to be in on the fun, for the majority of the flappers dispense with slippers. Imagine the embarrassment of the teacher. No, of course I didn't mean the flapper; who ever heard of an embarrassed flapper anyway?

And now that the dingy heel-dragging slicker has given way to the neat, dapper trench-coat, will the flappers' stock in-trade, the galoshes, make way for a trimmer style of foot protection, or will the amazing flapper calmly annex her father's hip-high fishing boots?

THE MOON IN PRISON

By Linwood Dyer

It was a dark and dreary night
When all alone I began to stare,
For I beheld an awful sight:
The moon imprisoned in its lair.

The dark clouds were his heavy bars.
They held him behind their darkened walls.
His sentinels two lonely stars,
They even chained him with iron balls.

They held him till the early dawn
And then at last they set him free,
Like Byron's prisoner of Chillon,
Too late; he had withered like a tree.

The Missile

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Dorothy Perkins

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Marie Wilkinson
Virginia Perry
Eleanore Townsend
Aileen Small

ATHLETIC EDITOR
O. B. Newton

BUSINESS MANAGER
Leonard Breeden

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGERS
George Bernard
Meade Stith

CIRCULATION MANAGER
John Burks

ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION MGRS.
Frances Jones
Claiborne Jones
James D'Alton

EDITORIALS

"Time Killer"—What About it?

One sure test for a true man or woman is the way in which he spends his leisure time. It seems to me that I have never seen so many successful "time killers" as we have right here in P. H. S.

What about it? Do you make good use of your spare moments or are you merely a "time killer"?

Perhaps you are able to get by now squandering your time—just fooling around—but you must remember life won't always be as easy as it is today.

Take a typical day for instance. The majority of us get up just as late as possible in the morning to find breakfast waiting. We eat it, get the money for our daily needs from mother, pick up our books, and rush off to school.

Here at school the day goes by, period by period. How many of us really put the few minutes at the end of each period to some good use? Mostly we sit and gossip, or look out of the windows, or go walking around the room making a general nuisance out of ourselves. After school we loll around in the halls or down town, then home again, to monkey around until dinner time, after which we start to do our studying, which is all very well if we can get by with it, but meanwhile we are forming habits and moulding our characters.

Then, out into the world. First the hunt for a position. How many are lost by just a few precious moments when perhaps we stopped to chat with an acquaintance or to drink a soda and arrive to find the job just taken.

At last a position is landed, but

the boss notices that the few spare moments that slip in every now and then are thrown away. He decides someone else would be more beneficial to his business, so the "time-killer" is minus a job.

All this because in high school he developed the habit of "killing time." Think it over—are you a "time-killer"? If so, what are you going to do about it?

D. H. P.

Support the Missile!

There have been so many editorials written on the subject of co-operation and support that we fear the reader may pass over this as "something boring just to fill up space."

However, we feel that a word here is not amiss. The Missile is a product of which we can feel justly proud. Why are we so backward in acquainting Petersburg, our own home town, with it while it already holds its own among the school papers in the country? It's deplorable to think the Missile staff must urge the student body to back it! The school should be proud to back it voluntarily!

Recalling an address delivered in the weekly assembly, Feb. 26, by Mr. Hollenga, manager of the Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, we bring to the attention of the reader that "civic pride" demands that we proclaim to the outside world our pride in our school and city by the support we give our school publication.

The Missile has fought its way from struggling in the darkness of insignificance to bask in the light of prosperous fame. Will we let it slip again into obscurity or will we push it further up the ladder of success? It will be comparatively easy for the Missile to maintain its place at the top, but once it slips back it will be doubly hard to regain the lost ground. Surely we can afford and would prefer to raise the price a bit rather than to cheapen the quality of such a magazine.

Let's all get behind the Missile and push it over the top! You can do it! Come on, everyone, and let's make a bang-up success of the Missile and make our rivals sit up and take notice!

M. W.

Support Your School!

Our school needs the support of the student body, and we should do our best, which is only our duty. For instance, how many of us support The Missile or The Roulette? We should all have pride and interest enough in our school to support its magazine publications. Even people on the outside who do not have any particular interest in the school are willing to help support its activities. The reporters always have a job on their hands trying to get subscriptions for The Roulette and The Missile from the high school students, and they should not have to do this.

The staff, from the senior class, which publishes these magazines, works hard to get the material and tries to select matter that it feels everyone will enjoy, and it likes to feel that people are enjoying the work of the high school students.

Let's back them up and show them how proud we are of P. H. S.!!

A. S.

Little Missiles

Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and you streak your rouge.

Yes! One way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to a nicer girl.

Tramp: "I've known better days than this, sir."

Business Man: "I suppose so, but I haven't got time to discuss the weather with you now."

Teacher: "Tommy, you haven't done a lick of work today, and I've told you again and again that the devil finds work for idle hands to do."

Tommy: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "Now take out your copy book and write that out twenty times."

Miss Guerrant: "Who are the enhabitants of Alaska?"

J. Rucker: "Alaskans."

Miss Guerrant: "Then who are the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands?"

J. Rucker: "Virgins."

1st Stude: "Great Scott! Who wrote 'Ivanhoe?'"

2nd Stude: "And who in the Dickens wrote the 'Tale of Two Cities?'"

The Ford

By James D'Alton

As I was walking down the street,
A car did I espy.
It had a mighty rumble seat
And hood that caught my eye.

The model was near 1910,
Its top was black and sooty,
And on one hinge there hung a door;
My gosh, she was a beauty.

The motor made a funny noise;
The body squeaked and rattled.
The driver bounced with solemn poise
While crank and drive shaft clattered.

The tail-light hung with sober grace,
The license by a cord,
The fenders shook like Spanish lace.
What beauty like a Ford?

Miss Goodwin: "Zero is nothing at all; you can't see it, you can't taste it and you can't feel it."

J. Burks: "You say you can't see it, but I've seen too many in my day —on tests."

Dicky: "My father's an Elk, a Lion and a Moose."

Micky: "How much does it cost to see him?"

Generous Uncle: "Have you got a dime bank, Willie?"

Wise Willie: "Nope, but I have a bill fold."

Mr. Burns: "I always associate names with faces"—The next day he called Mary Lucy Pyne "Miss Payne."

M. L. Wells: "Do you enjoy Dickens?"

M. Alley: "No, I never did; the print's too small."

French Class

(By Betsy Budd and Lucie Grossmann)

Mr. Freas most lives in France;
He teaches all of us French.
We're the brightest in our class
'Cause we sit on the very front bench.
Day in, day out we hear him shout:
"Traduisez, s'il vous plait!"
But when we turn the phrases out
Says, " 'Taint the Parisian way."

There was a fearful crash as the train struck the car. A few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Pickers crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. Pickers opened her mouth to say something, but her husband checked her.

"Never mind talking," he snapped. "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat, so don't blame me because it got hit."

70th Year Latin Versus 1928

By Lucie Grossmann

Mr. Cotten: "Latin class come to order."

Trixie: "Flora, are you going to play in the game Friday night?"

Flora: "You bet I am. Catch! catch!"

Marguerite: "I can't go to the movies today, Dot."

Mr. Cotten: "What is the construction of 'dixit'?"

Dot: "Have you seen my new dress? It's a Renee!"

Jimmie: "I faw down."

Evelyn: "Latin gripes me!"

Mr. Cotten: "Translate please, Miss Grossmann."

I grabbed for the book and looked anxiously around for someone to tell me the place. By the kindly aid of someone, I began. "Veni! vidi! vici!"

Just then the door opened and a figure appeared at the door. It was

dressed in a Roman toga according to styles of the year 70 B. C.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was no other than my friend Vergil. He stopped on the threshold as if prepared and orated in Latin.

After several minutes of deep concentration he entered and, after addrssing Mr. Cotten, turned toward the class.

"Oh Quirites, aboard, aboard, for shame! The time approaches for graduation and you are stayed for."

"You reckon so?" was the prompt reply from some bright Latin student.

"About a thousand score and ten years ago, I wrote for you the Aeneid. And now it is altogether fitting and proper that you should apply yourselves to its study."

"A pony for exams is worth two for tests," was the wise crack from Jimmie.

The conversation was carried on by Vergil in Latin while we spoke in English. But suddenly I broke out in French, this being the only foreign language I speak fluently, "Oh la! la! la! Je ne vous comprehendez pas!"

"Si est senex," Vergil replied. "Give me the first conjugation or give me death!"

"Amo, amas, amat," I began but got no further for Vergil broke in.

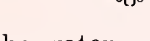
"What is the younger generation coming to! If this be Latin, then make the most of it!" and he shagged gracefully out of the room, as we followed him to the door giving him the "raspberries."

Upon leaving the Latin class, I felt that I could proudly say, "I have met the enemy and he is mine," but Vergil might tell another tale.

Perseverance

By John M. Goodwin

I am not abashed,
Though I have been jilted
For my heartstrings are lashed;
I am not abashed;
My nerve is not smashed;
My love is not wilted;
I am not abashed,
Though I have been jilted.



Sergeant: "What causes the water to come into a sinking ship?"

T. Webster: "The holes."

One of Ours: "Mother, a poem of mine is in this Missile."

Mother: (Incredulously) "Why, Johnnie, I thought Mr. Miller didn't like your poetry! It's not in the list of contents."

O. O. O.: "No ma'm, it's under 'Little Missiles' 'cause its really short; only one verse, you know."

Teacher: "Do you know who the Black Prince was?"

Pupil: "Sure, the son of Old King Cole!"

D. Young: "Why is a stick of candy like a horse?"

B. Budd: "Dunno."

D. Young: "More you lick it the faster it goes."

Visitor to No. 1897: "You know stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

No. 1897: "Well, if they don't, I've been crazy sitting here all this time."

"Girls were harder to kiss in your days, weren't they, grandpa?"

"Well, maybe, but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The ol' parlor sofa wasn't so apt to smash into a tree jist about the time ye got puckered up."

Walnut Hill Pupil: "Oh' here's a paragraph about us in the paper."

Ditto: "Is there, really? What does it say?"

W. H. P.: "In the month of February 15,972,364 persons traveled in buses."

Of all the reasons Mr. Hollenga gave us for our civic pride, one of the most interesting was about the man who started business with a shoestring and is now exporting vanilla.

An American on a visit to London stood on the curb noticing a parade of the unemployed.

"Such a thing as this would never be seen in my country," he remarked.

"And what might be your country?" queried the man at his elbow.

"I'm from God's country," said the American proudly.

"Eh mon, ye've lost your Scotch accent."

My "Right Date"

By Dena Lee Townes

I had my "right date,"
But someone sat on it
And stayed until late.
I had my "right date,"
And that's what I hate.
It stings like a hornet
To have my "right date,"
And someone sit on it.

Made in America

The French were just evacuating the Rhine valley. A poilu shouted back to a German standing on the bank of the stream.

"Hey, Heinie, the Rhine's a rotten river!"

To which the German replied, "So's your old Marne!"

She calls her sweetheart Pilgrim because he makes more progress every time he visits her.

Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?"

"I didn't show up one night and she wanted me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

THE END

P. S.—Say something funny quick! And tell us about it for the next copy of "Little Missiles." Remember that we are only the "center of attraction" and can't get along without your help!

The Joke Editor.
(Meaning, of course, the editor of the jokes).

"With Balls and Bats"

Invictus

By William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

The Basketball Season

The basketball team faced the hardest schedule this season that it has had in several years. Coach Day had to build the team of practically new material, there being only three letter men back.

The first game was with the faculty. Although the game was very close all the way through, the Wave was victorious by a 20-19 score. Next the Wave met the D. W. Branch team; although all the members of the City League team were older and more experienced, P. H. S. emerged with a 24-18 victory. Probably the most outstanding game of the season was the first game with Woodrow Wilson of Portsmouth. This is the first time that P. H. S. has ever defeated Woodrow Wilson in basketball. In the William and Mary Frosh game Petersburg lost by a 43-19 score. Despite the fact that the Wave was beaten, they held the college team to the lowest score of all the season.

The last Newport News game was close and hard fought all the way. Newport News was leading by one point at the end of the first half, got a flying start in the second and won the game. This was one of the closest games they played all the season. The 12 19 game with John Marshall was very close from the first play. The outcome of the game was in doubt until the final whistle.

Petersburg's defensive was

stronger than the offensive in all the games of the past season. Inexperience coupled with lack of shooting ability severely handicapped the work of the team. The loss of several regulars at mid-term examinations severely handicapped the team during the latter half of the schedule.

The play of Smith, Goodwin, and Captain Swearingen has been outstanding in every game they played. The entire squad deserves credit for the wonderful fight they have made against stronger and more experienced aggregations.

The scores of the 1928-29 basketball season are as follows:

P. H. S. 20; Faculty 19.
P. H. S. 24; D. W. Branch 18.
P. H. S. 30; Disputanta 12.
P. H. S. 24; Woodrow Wilson 18.
P. H. S. 12; Newport News 36;
P. H. S. 2*; Lawrenceville 0.
P. H. S. 25; Hopewell 7.
P. H. S. 6; Maury 23.
P. H. S. 15; Newport News 30.
P. H. S. 19; William and Mary 43.
P. H. S. 32; Hopewell 13.
P. H. S. 16; B. M. A. 12.
P. H. S. 7; John Marshall 46.
P. H. S. 15; Maury 41.
P. H. S. 14; B. M. A. 26.
P. H. S. 12; John Marshall 19.
P. H. S. 17; St. Christopher 19.
P. H. S. 15; Woodrow Wilson 14.
*Forfeit.

The personel of the entire squad is as follows:

Forwards, Captain Swearingen. Goodwin, Simonson, Burks; Centers, D'Alton, Martens, Lucas; Guards, Smith, Motley, Wells, Spottswood, Allen, Williamson; Manager, Sherertz.

Letter men will be announced later.

Baseball

Baseball practice started about March 4, with a number of lettermen on hand and several new aspirants for regular positions. A host of material reported for practice, and a number of the regulars will have to work hard to keep jobs.

The following letter men have thus far expressed their intention of trying to get berths on the team this year:

Ben Campbell, captain, playing his third year for P. H. S. Ben plays center field and his work is of the best. He has been our leading hitter for the last two seasons.

Bush Tipton, third base. Bush has been a letterman for the last two seasons, and he is one of our outstanding infielders.

Zeto Baxter, catcher. Zeto can always be expected to play a good game. His experience this year will help out very much in making a good team.

G. Smith, first base. George holds down the initial sack like a judge. This is Smith's third year in P. H. S. uniform.

Underwood, shortstop. Mac also helped with the pitching burden last year, and probably will be used there this year.

Lucas, right field. John is playing his second year, and is promising to be a "go-getter" this year.

McCants, pitcher. Lefty certainly knew his curves last year, and we are expecting him to step right into the gap caused by the loss of Ayers.

Spring Football

About seventy-five men have expressed their intention of going out for football. This number includes a number of new prospects. Faced with the loss of several regulars, it will be up to new material to fill the gaps left.

No official workout will be held this spring, but some individual instruction will be given. An attempt will be made to get the squad lined up for next season.

Scraps

After having such a to do about the Annual the Senior Class almost failed to have one. Two hundred dollars had to be guaranteed, and two days before the time-limit set there were only fifty-five subscriptions. A class meeting was called and that Senior Class just stepped on the gas! It's just another proof of what one can accomplish when one has the necessary incentive.

All of the material is ready, and the Roulette goes to press soon, as the class desires to have it published in time for the Class Night Exercises.

The Roulette staff is as follows: Editor, "Jack" Drewry; associate editors, O. B. Newton, James Hemphill, Marie Wilkinson, Dorothy Perkins, Lucie Grossmann, Edwin Young, Aileen Small and Phoebe Drewry; Art editor, Marguerite Harwell; assistant art editors, Ruth Stephenson, Margaret Keeler, Oliver Rudy, Kedrick Motley and Annie Vaughn; business manager, Dena Lee Townes; assistant business managers, Evelyn Leigh, Claiborne Hawkins, John Burks, John Rucker and Estelle Honeyman; circulation manager, Trixie Mitchell; assistant circulation managers, Gordon Williamson, Harry Temple and Willie May Mangum; photograph editors, Theo. Thomas, Flora Willcox, Mary Harrison and John Goodwin.

The untiring work of these efficient staff members will go a long way toward making the 1929 issue of the Annual one of the best ever put out by a Senior Class of Petersburg High School.

The February class recently gave its play, "The First Year." It was quite a delightful skit on married life. "Kitty" Bennett and Robert Berkeley, as the young married couple, took the leading roles. The parts of the parents of the heroine were taken by Estelle Honeyman and Edwin Young. William Dunford was the rival lover and villain. Lucie Grossmann, as the inexperienced colored maid, provided most of the laughs and was truly a success. She seemed especially fond of peanuts. But where in the world did she obtain that bottle of "spirits? It isn't exactly your speed, Lucie.

Other members of the cast were: Ruby Newton, "Berk" Carter and Albert Wice.

The cast was coached by Mr. Neal Oliver, one of the faculty of Bolling Junior High. He made a marvelous success of the play and the February class is sincerely grateful to him.

What in the world is all this stir and bustle about? Why, don't you know? Everyone is busy now canvassing for the "Missile." This year, the more we sell, the more our profit, for the price has been raised from twenty five to forty cents. This was absolutely necessary to prevent the school from going in debt, but it shouldn't prevent a single individual from buying a copy.

There was a meeting of the Missile Staff and the presidents of the seven clubs in the school, and, acting upon the plan suggested by "Johnny" Burks, they have appointed five members from each club to be under them and have conducted a drive all through the city.

The above are barred from the contest, but the room in the school which gets the most subscriptions will be given a five-pound box of candy. That ought to be quite an

inducement! Have you heard about the reporter who fell asleep during a long political speech and upon awakening asked if the fellow hadn't finished? The man next to him replied, "Sure, he finished long ago, but he couldn't stop himself." Go right ahead and work so hard you won't be able to stop yourself, please!

The "Missile" won first place in a national contest two years ago and last year, second place. Mr. Hollenga, head of the Chamber of Commerce, informed us in a speech made before the entire student body that we ought to have "stuck to the ship." Let's show him that we can win first prize this year!

On February 22, those "bright, morning faces" weren't all they might have been. There was much grumbling, but the majority made a huge joke out of the matter. You see, we had to go to school on "Birthington's Washday." Maybe that term sounds a trifle flippant for the father of our country, but still, whose fault is it? We weren't even allowed to celebrate his birthday. Wasn't that tragic?

There is now a new rule, or rather a more strict enforcement of an old one, regarding attendance. In order to get on the Honor Roll, one must be absolutely perfect. No sick-slips, no doctor's certificates, or any kind of an excuse is accepted. Perfect it is, and perfect you must be. Here's one rule to which there is no exception. At last we have found it. May it not be considered the eighth wonder of the world?

The June Class play has finally been chosen. The selection made by the committee is "The Professor's Daughter." Senorita Wilkie has kindly consented to coach the production.

Baseball season will start soon; and I sincerely hope that more support will be rendered it by the school than was given to basketball. "You know, if we want the best team going, we'll have to get behind it en masse," as all of us have heard Coach Day say before. The "second line of defense" makes or breaks a team. How strong shall ours be?

The Daniel Literary Society has held its first preliminary debate. The question for debate, "Resolved: that, the county management form of government should be adopted in Virginia," was announced by Nancy Harrison, president of the society.

Those on the affirmative side were William Dunford and Lee Barksdale; on the negative, Adeline LaPorte and Dorothy Stratton. The affirmative was given the decision, and Lee Barksdale was named the best debater.

Other debates will take place, and by a process of elimination, the society's debating team will be chosen.

The Page Literary Society will do likewise. Then will come our annual school debate which will decide who is to make up the High School team. These will compete against other schools. May the best debaters win!

The O. G. Club has at present seventeen members, all of whom are interested in athletics. We are grateful for their interest and their efforts to support our school activities.

Members of this club feel that their club was a success last year, and they hope it will be even more so this year. The club is to be congratulated on its fine example of cooperation.

A Latin Tournament promoted by the Virginia State School Board for the purpose of interesting students further n this study is to be held in different parts of the State. One

representative from the 1-H, 2-H, 3-H and 4-H class is eligible; that is, four in all.

Those from Petersburg High who compete will go to William and Mary College. The contest is to take place May 18. Children, brush up on your knowledge of this deep, dark and difficult subject and win a prize, or mayhap four, for the honor of our High School.

V. H. P.

The Gift That Only You Can Give - - -

Even the fortunate few who have "everything" will treasure your photograph as a distinctive gift that defies duplication. You can confer no greater compliment than to give *your photograph* to your friends. Arrange *now* for your appointment.—Phone 2155.

Louise Studios

104 N. Sycamore at Franklin Sts.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN YOUR CITY

FLOWERS

A.G. Smith & Sons FLORISTS

PHONE 11

Established 1878

D. D. ADKINS

Smart Shoes
for
Young People

137 North Sycamore Street

Odd Fellows Building

A Gift from ROGERS Is a Gift Worth While

DIPLOMA FRAMING A SPECIALTY

PAUL ROGERS

105 N. Sycamore St.

Compliments
of
W. Grossmann & Son
"THE SEEDSMEN"
Phone 471

Take the Jest Out of Radio

MAJESTIC RADIO

—SOLD BY—

Carr's Radio Shop

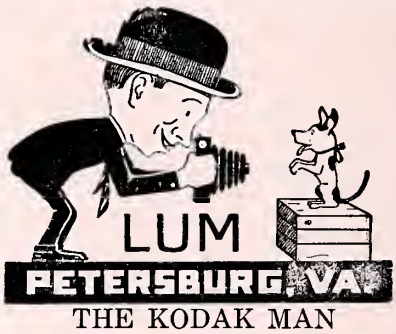
RAYMOND J. CARR

PHONE 2652 **617 Union Ave.**

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

The Petersburg High School students are to be congratulated on their efforts to improve their publications. The Progress-Index joins a proud community in wishing the Students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "School Weekly News" for the students of P. H. S. Watch for it in the Progress-Index every week.

GIFTS
That Please Everybody
50 Years of Real
SERVICE
C. F. Lauterbach's Sons
Jewelers and Silversmiths



THE KODAK MAN

Sporting Goods

You can enjoy your game more if you select your equipment from our complete stock of the famous

Baseball
Basketball
Tennis

REACH
EQUIPMENT

Football
Volley Ball
Boxing

We also carry an exceptionally good line of Golf Clubs, Balls, Bags and sets. Come in—we are at your service

Chas. Leonard Hdwe. Co., Inc.

W. Bank Street **Phones—2300-2301**

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

TEXACO

New and Better Gasoline—A High Test Gasoline at No Additional Cost

—o—

Full Bodied, Clean, Clear Golden Motor Oil

—o—

It Flows at Zero

—o—

The Texas Company, U. S. A.

Randolph-Macon College

For Men

—o—

1830 ASHLAND, VA. 1928

Prepares men for the study of Law, Medicine, Applied Science and the Ministry.
Confers degrees B. S. and A. B..
Strong faculty. All students, especially first-year men, given personal attention by full professors.
For particulars apply

R. E. BLACKWELL, A. M., LL. D, President
S. C. HATCHER, D. D.,
Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer

W. C. JONES

Clothing Company, Inc.

—o—

CLOTHING - - HATS

FURNISHINGS

Why Pay More?

See Us—We Can Save You Money - - -
Suits and Top Coats from
$20.00 to $35.00

JORDAN & MOORE

12 North Sycamore St.

SAVE *with* SAFETY

At Your REXALL *Drug Store*

Wm. H. Frey, Inc.

Prescription Druggist

WASHINGTON STREET

Corner Dunlop

Jordan & Howerton, Inc.

- - - JEWELERS - - -

"THE WEDDING RING STORE"

Class Rings, Pins and Trophies

10 North Sycamore Street

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

Petersburg Printing and Stationery Company

-:-

Printers of the Missile

-:-

14 E. Tabb Street
Petersburg, Va.

Palace Theatre

World's Best Pictures

- - *with* - -

REAL MUSIC

- - *by* - -

REAL ORCHESTRA

---o---

Open 1 *to* 11 *Daily*

Seaboard Salvage Co.

---o---

Buyers of

Metal, Rags, Rubber, Iron and Steel Scraps

---o---

203 North Market Street
Petersburg, Va.
Phone 17
Operated by Gresham and Ware

You're Coming to

AMOCO-GAS

—THE—

CAPITOL OIL COMPANY

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

H. E. ROBERTS

Imported and Domestic

Wall Paper, Awnings and Paints

9 North Sycamore Street

Phone 701

The WHITE SCHOOL of BUSINESS

Petersburg, Virginia

Are you prepared for that College Education for your son or daughter? Our EDUCATIONAL POLICIES are just the thing for this need. Let us talk it over with you.

Perdue and Boswell

General Agents

Missouri State Life Insurance Co.

308-9 Union Trust Building—Petersburg, Virginia

MODEL LAUNDRY

48 South Union Street

—o—

Phone 241

WILLIAMSON BROS. & CO., Inc.

Union Street Service Station

Seiberling All-Tread Tires

Exide Batteries

—o—

Complete Vulcanizing & Battery Service

Phone 206

Opposite Post Office

Petersburg Motor Company

AUTHORIZED DEALERS

LINCOLN Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR FORDSON

CARS—TRUCKS—TRACTORS

30 South Sycamore Street PHONES: Sales, 873; Parts, 874; Shop, 812

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

Geo. W. Harrison

—SELLS—

—Life Insurance
—Automobile Ins.
—Fire Insurance
—Casualty Ins.

—o—

Law Building Petersburg, Va.

Phone 1657-W

SOLLOD'S CLOTHING SHOP

"Solid Built Clothes"

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Always the Newest in Haberdashery

220 North Sycamore Street

Petersburg, Va.

Diamonds - - - Watches

Fine Repairing

H. P. DALTON

JEWELRY and WATCHMAKER

135 North Sycamore Street

Petersburg, Va.

Phone 441-J

Jewelry - - - Silverware

Nash *Packard*

Before Buying See

"PAT"

M. P. PEEBLES, Jr.

Petersburg, Va. Phone 406

EIGENBRUN BROS.—

the home of young men's clothes. When you wish to be correct in your dress consult us. Prices that fit any man's pocketbook and taste.

EIGENBRUN BROS.

"Your Clothiers"

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

Right Fashions First—
Sound Values Always—

Always Something New at—
Rosenstock's

E. B. MOORE
for
MODERN HOMES ON SOUTH SYCAMORE STREET
Phone 1067
201 Union Trust Bldg.

WOODY & WRIGHT
INSURANCE
Sell all Forms of—
—o—
9 West Tabb
"May We Serve You?"

Mayflower Beauty Shoppe
Expert Beauticians—Fine Cosmetics
229 Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Blacker Bros.
"The Young Men's Shop"

Compliments of
The Virginia National Bank
Capital $1,000,000.00
Surplus $250,000.00

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

It Pays To Shop At

R U C K E R ' S

"A Petersburg Institution"

For Fine

FOOTWEAR

Go To

C. B. Nunnally Shoe Co.

"Where Shoes Are Fitted"

REAL ESTATE . . .

At Auction

GENERAL BROKERAGE
REAL ESTATE

SUBDIVISION SPECIALISTS · A COMPLETE AUCTION SERVICE
ATLANTIC COAST REALTY COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICE PETERSBURG VIRGINIA · HOME OFFICE WINSTON-SALEM NORTH CAROLINA

Petersburg, Va. — and — Hopewell, Va.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Ready-to-Wear and
Millinery

At Reasonable Prices

MAX TOBIAS

Our Prices the Lowest

235 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

PHONE 1845

Compliments of

Rainey Luggage Corp.

"The Peerless Line"

Petersburg Virginia

Everything in Luggage

Our Specialty: HIGH SCHOOL SUITS with Two Pairs Pants

$25.00 **$30.00** **$35.00**

Young-Harrison & Company

North Sycamore Street

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

"The Home of Better Eyesight"

C. B. Smith Optical Company, Inc.

Optometrists

8 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

Phone 2419

ELITE

Headquarters
for
All
Football and Baseball
Scores

GAS

ALWAYS AT YOUR
SERVICE

Night and Day

USE IT, BUT
DO NOT
WASTE IT

Compliments of

The Virginia Trunk & Bag Co.

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

ICE CREAM Made Fresh Every Day SODA

T. S. Beckwith & Company

ENGRAVING

—o—

Books, Stationery and
Office Supplies

—o—

Visiting Cards, Announcements, Crests,
Wedding Invitations, Monograms
Engraved in the Latest Styles

The "Old Reliable"
Petersburg Furniture Company
Incorporated
—o—
"HOME FURNISHERS"
—o—
Phone 223
YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD
100 North Sycamore Street
A. J. Winfield, Mgr.

Patronize the Advertisers
of the
MISSILE

Globe Department Store

READY-TO-WEAR

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

Compliments of

Dixie Sand & Gravel Co.

Imported and Domestic Table Delicacies

"THE HOME OF GOOD EATS"

Max's DELICATESSEN

Max W. Haimovit, Prop.

Phone 641-W 7 N. Sycamore St.

Try Our Home Made Mayonnaise

WE DELIVER

Do You Suffer From Tonsilitis?

If you do it is your own fault.

TONSONE

—is a guaranteed remedy—It is taken internally, and is perfectly harmless.

—Price 50c—

For Sale by Druggists

Holt's Jewelry Store

(Petersburg Gruen Watch Agency)

P. H. S. Rings and Pins Always in Stock

Fountain Pens Repaired and Repointed While You Wait

MARK E. HOLT

JEWELER

218 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Compliments of

GERALD MOTOR CO.

H. Gerald Saal

—o—

OLDSMOBILE

"The Fine Car of Low Price"

BALDERSTON'S

"THE DIFFERENT STORE"

103 North Sycamore St. PHONE 133

—o—

Apparel for young ladies, whether a sport dress—a snappy coat or a college sweater.

—o—

NOTE:—Our merchandise is guaranteed as represented

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

The Corley Company.

A SAFE PLACE TO BUY

Pianos—ORTHOPHONIC VICTROLAS—Radios
or Anything Musical

129 *NORTH SYCAMORE STREET*

Everything the Best in the Drug Line

LUM BROS., Inc.

"A Good Drug Store"

NUNNALLY'S AND WHITMAN'S CANDIES

103 N. Sycamore St. PHONE 204

Compliments of

The Bon-Ton Shoppe

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

105½ N. Sycamore St.

THE REES STUDIO

High-Class Portraits and
Commercial Photographs

PHONE 1347-W

402 N. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

If the ? is—

S H O E S

C us 1st

REINACH'S

"Shoes That Satisfy"——"Hosiery Too"

Why Not Carry It Home?

"Sorry, I'll have to miss the ride, but there's no one at home and I'm expecting a package."

The Wise Shopper carries her purchase home and no one has to stay in—it is there when she wants it, and, best of all, she saves money by doing it.

J. C. PENNEY CO.

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

BLUEBIRD

The Home of
Vitaphone-Movietone
Talking Pictures

First Run Pictures at
Popular Prices

Music On The Big
Wurlitzer Organ

Open 1 P. M. to 11 P. M.

Use It Everywhere

"61" Lacquer dries in 30 minutes, use it for furniture, woodwork, f l o o r s, linoleum and all wood and metal work.

Made in twelve colors and black and white.

---o---

Joyner Hardware Company

18 N. Sycamore Street

The National Bank of Petersburg

Organized 1886

—o—

The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia

—o—

We Invite Teachers and Students to Deposit With Us

—o—

Commercial and Savings Accounts Solicited

—o—

Chas E. Plummer, President
W. D. Franklin, Vice-President
E. H. Beasley, Cashier
S. I. Bragg, Asst. Cashier
F. H. Plummer, Asst. Cashier

Petersburg is a good city in which to live and do business. You become a "booster" when you tell this to everybody.

Chamber of Commerce

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

Lynchburg College - - -

Senior College for Men and Women

Member in Southern Association of Colleges

RATES REASONABLE

J. T. T. Hundley, President — Lynchburg, Virginia

OTTO J. BUNKER

Jeweler

"The Biggest Little Store In Town"

See Our Special $25.00 and $50.00

DIAMONDS

249 North Sycamore St.

Petersburg, Va.

Phone 704

SOUTHERN COAL CO.

Dependable Coal

We Handle the Best Coal Mined

OFFICE—*Lawrence and Perry*

STANDARD-JAMES SHOE CO.

"For Better Shoes"

124 N. Sycamore St.

Lunch — Soda

The Palms Luncheonette

FAULTLESS ICE CREAM

Candy—Whitman's Candies—Cigars
Whitman's, Johnson's, Hollingsworth and Martha Washington Candies

---

SERVICE — *QUALITY*
DEPENDABILITY

Petersburg Builders' Supply Co., Inc.

When You Build Your Home
Build It In Quality

Phone 783 — Market St.

Fisk Tires — Willard Batteries

Triangle Service Station Company

All Night Service

PHONE 36

Washing — Greasing

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

DIGNIFIED CREDIT

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

NEXT TO KENT'S

Estimates on Class Rings and Pins cheerfully submitted

Compliments of

Seward Trunk and

Bag Company

A. & P. BAKERY

Andrews and Pritchett, Props.

FAMILY BREAD, BISCUITS and ROLLS, VIENNA and RYE

Cakes and Pies of all Kinds

PHONE 564

35 South Sycamore Street

Harlow-Hardy Co.,

FURNITURE

STOVES, - FLOOR COVERINGS, &c.

5 *South Sycamore Street*

Phone 919

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

We Buy Standard Timber and All Kinds of Lumber

We Are Also Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Virginia and North Carolina Yellow Pine, Gum, Poplar Oak and Hickory

Roper Bros. Lumber Co., Inc.

Mill and Assembling Yard
Petersburg, Va.

Philip R. Roper, Pres. and Treas. **Paul Roper, Secretary**

Petersburg Savings & American Trust Co.

—o—

The Oldest Bank in the Oldest State in the United States

—o—

Capital and Surplus $1,000,000.00

Established 1860

Our Advertisers are Friends of the School

Let's be Friends of the Advertisers

Harlow-Willcox & Co., Furniture

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA